

THIS WEEK ON OUR STAGE.

THE ONLY NOVELTY IN "THE LADY SLAVE" BURLESCUE.

But Sarah Bernhardt, William H. Crane, John Drew, and Five Hundred Other Actors are Exerting Themselves to make a success of the new play. The performance of "The Lady Slave" at the Casino will be the only theatrical novelty in New York at the start of the week. It is a burlesque that has lasted a long time in England, but we are to get it as an Americanized version. The music is declared to be all new by Gustave Kieker, and the cockney humor is by George W. Lederer, who has directed the production here. Only one member of the company, Charles Danby, is English, and among the twenty-nine names in the cast are those of such approved actors as William H. Crane, Thompson, and John Drew. The character mentioned in the title of this play is a young woman who, in order to assist in retreating the expenses of her bankrupt father's household, volunteers to work in the guise of a domestic servant, or "slave." She is a young girl, and the successful scheme of the family is to marry off one of them to an American millionaire who is domiciled in the neighborhood; but he falls in love with the imitation maid of all work, and that causes a disturbance for nearly everybody else in the piece. Of course, there will be extraneous scenes, dances, and a general effort to provide a Casino sort of gay show.

All the other changes of bill merely shift plays already known to the public. The Holland brothers, Edward M. and Henry, come back to the Garrick, in which theatre they first appeared in "A Social Highwayman." That they have changed circumstances, and that they remain for it had been satisfied, and now it is to have a chance to pick up prosperity again where they left off.

Sarah Bernhardt is giving a round of her strong characterizations at Abbey's, where she divides her third week between "Izely," the drama with which she has been successful, and "Magda," in which her part is of peculiarly absorbing interest, and "La Tosca," the Sardou melodrama in which her genius finds a sensational outlet. She is making ready to produce "Giannina" for the first time in this city.

The Harlem Opera House takes Stuart Hobson and "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past" directly from a down-town theatre. The farce is Parisian in source and spirit. Its comic hero is the henpecked husband of an obdurate, virtuous, and obdurately domineering woman. Mr. Hobson's play is a series of ridiculous domestic adventures laughably. No changes have yet been made in the Robinson company.

The Brooklyn Park has Mlle. Rhea, an actress of high claims and real talent. She has always shown a marked preference for historical heroines. Her play is "The Girl of the Half-Week," and "Josephine" for the last half. Then she will appear as an English court favorite and a French actress, and finally in two pieces on tour long enough to test their value and to develop her own roles in them. The People's Theatre has a new play, "The Flower," and theatrical novelty is as welcome there as it is in any part of this town. The People's Theatre has a new play, "The Flower," and theatrical novelty is as welcome there as it is in any part of this town.

The Leg Avenue Academy introduced a newly organized stock company to Brooklyn last week. The company is called "The Leg Avenue Academy," and its members are all young people. The company is called "The Leg Avenue Academy," and its members are all young people. The company is called "The Leg Avenue Academy," and its members are all young people.

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The continued bills present an unusually wide range of successful entertainments. William H. Crane has earned and gained another extraordinary triumph at the Fifth Avenue with "The Governor of Kentucky." The new play has been altered beneficially since the opening night. Half a dozen members of the Crane company have made a name for themselves in the parts. The play is a success, and the Crane company is a success.

"The Squire of Dames" has proved an admirable vehicle for John Drew's talents as an agreeable comedian. It is impossible to extend his engagement beyond this week. The play is a success, and the Crane company is a success.

"The Benefit of the Doubt" is still receiving the artistic attention of the other Frohman company at the Lyceum. The inoffensive pliancy of Miss Irving's play scene, in which the little of her exclamation in a dramatic climax, is one of the best elements in the play, and its performance, "The Prisoner of Zenda" will be revived a week hence. Sidney Woodley's "The Countess Gucki" is the current play with the stock company at Daly's. Ada Rehan has a revolving bill, and the Lyceum is a success.

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POEM WORTH READING.

The String of Pearls.

From the Spanish of Jose Maria Heredia.
Fair land of Cuba! on thy shores are seen
Lilies for a crown, and a crown of pearls,
The world of sense in matches beauty dressed,
And names of heroes fill within thy breast.
Ordained of heaven the fairest flower of earth,
Pale to thy glaze, and pale to thy perfume,
The tyrant's crown, and the slave's and earth,
With the sharp lash in insolent reply:
Such are the sounds that echo on thy plains,
White violets faint, and vases of perfume,
Hiss, and to power a daring heart opens;
Confront with death those worse than deathlike woes,
Unfading veils chains the flying fate;
Who dares to die shall win the conqueror's state;
We, too, can have a glory and a name,
Our children's children shall not blush to claim.
For the future let us turn our eyes to thee,
To thy soft light thy unpolished axis;
Better to have the breast and undimmed
Meet the sharp vengeance of the lustre blade,
Than on the couch of helpless grief to lie,
And in one death a thousand deaths to die,
For aught that is, and aught that is to be,
From patriot wounds to pour the gushing life,
Than let it creep in through the veins
Banned by the sun, and agony, and chains!
What that Cuba, Cuba! life itself resign—
Thy very grave is inscribed on thy breast;
Thy blood, thy treasure, poured like tropic rain
From tyrant hands to feed the soil of Spain.
If it be truth that nations still must bear
The crushing yoke, the waiting fates of war,
If to the people this is heaven's decree,
To clasp their shame, nor struggle to be free,
From truth as new a heart indignation turns,
From freedom as an eagle's spirit burns,
That rage which ruled the Roman's soul of fire,
And flung the traitor, Columbia's patriot's fire,
Cuba! thou still shalt rise, as pure, as bright,
Thy free air, as full of living light,
Free as the waves that roam on thy straits,
Kissing thy shores, and curling o'er thy sands!
WILLIAM HENRY HUBBARD (1854).

An Epithet.

Our leading cockney McWhup is no more,
And in his death the nation laid a part;
For, though the common life he meekly bore,
The thought of fighting England broke his heart.
And so he died. Now for the local press
This epithet is ordered to be made,
And from the streets of London to be read,
Proportioned to the size of his head.
His was a nature victimized by craft,
Of many words he loved to make a show,
For in his youth he got a cockney air,
By toadying to the laids of Botton row.
He always knew he never could be wrong,
With common sense he hated to be bored;
He would not above the common life be wrong,
At the feet of royalty soared.
He loved his country, England was his home,
Although his voting place was over here,
To all of wisdom, worth, and right, and fame,
He always felt his title to be clear.
Through life he held a foreign-mindedness,
His pocket never was very quick to feel;
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Free as the waves that roam on thy straits,
Kissing thy shores, and curling o'er thy sands!
WILLIAM HENRY HUBBARD (1854).

An Epithet.

Our leading cockney McWhup is no more,
And in his death the nation laid a part;
For, though the common life he meekly bore,
The thought of fighting England broke his heart.
And so he died. Now for the local press
This epithet is ordered to be made,
And from the streets of London to be read,
Proportioned to the size of his head.
His was a nature victimized by craft,
Of many words he loved to make a show,
For in his youth he got a cockney air,
By toadying to the laids of Botton row.
He always knew he never could be wrong,
With common sense he hated to be bored;
He would not above the common life be wrong,
At the feet of royalty soared.
He loved his country, England was his home,
Although his voting place was over here,
To all of wisdom, worth, and right, and fame,
He always felt his title to be clear.
Through life he held a foreign-mindedness,
His pocket never was very quick to feel;
He would not above the common life be wrong,
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The String of Pearls.

From the Spanish of Jose Maria Heredia.
Fair land of Cuba! on thy shores are seen
Lilies for a crown, and a crown of pearls,
The world of sense in matches beauty dressed,
And names of heroes fill within thy breast.
Ordained of heaven the fairest flower of earth,
Pale to thy glaze, and pale to thy perfume,
The tyrant's crown, and the slave's and earth,
With the sharp lash in insolent reply:
Such are the sounds that echo on thy plains,
White violets faint, and vases of perfume,
Hiss, and to power a daring heart opens;
Confront with death those worse than deathlike woes,
Unfading veils chains the flying fate;
Who dares to die shall win the conqueror's state;
We, too, can have a glory and a name,
Our children's children shall not blush to claim.
For the future let us turn our eyes to thee,
To thy soft light thy unpolished axis;
Better to have the breast and undimmed
Meet the sharp vengeance of the lustre blade,
Than on the couch of helpless grief to lie,
And in one death a thousand deaths to die,
For aught that is, and aught that is to be,
From patriot wounds to pour the gushing life,
Than let it creep in through the veins
Banned by the sun, and agony, and chains!
What that Cuba, Cuba! life itself resign—
Thy very grave is inscribed on thy breast;
Thy blood, thy treasure, poured like tropic rain
From tyrant hands to feed the soil of Spain.
If it be truth that nations still must bear
The crushing yoke, the waiting fates of war,
If to the people this is heaven's decree,
To clasp their shame, nor struggle to be free,
From truth as new a heart indignation turns,
From freedom as an eagle's spirit burns,
That rage which ruled the Roman's soul of fire,
And flung the traitor, Columbia's patriot's fire,
Cuba! thou still shalt rise, as pure, as bright,
Thy free air, as full of living light,
Free as the waves that roam on thy straits,
Kissing thy shores, and curling o'er thy sands!
WILLIAM HENRY HUBBARD (1854).

NOTES AND QUERIES.

The Treaty of Berlin.

Would you explain the "Treaty of Berlin" and "Triple Alliance" to me?
The treaty of Berlin was the result of the Berlin Congress of 1878. Russia, which had won a decisive victory over Turkey in the war of 1877-78, had made on March 9, 1878, a treaty with Turkey called the treaty of San Stefano, because completed in that town, a suburb of Constantinople. This treaty was signed by the Russian and Turkish plenipotentiaries. It was a treaty of peace, and it gave Russia too much influence in Constantinople; it also secured the other powers. So Austria was persuaded to suggest a European Congress. Russia at first refused, fearing that the intention was to cheat her out of the fruits of her victories; but in June she consented to attend the Congress. It opened on June 18, in the Hotel de Ville, Berlin, and lasted just one month. The treaty of Berlin was signed by the plenipotentiaries of the great powers. It contains sixty-four articles, and it is said to be the longest treaty in existence. During the Congress Great Britain announced that she and Russia had made a treaty by themselves about Bulgaria, which the Congress did not adopt, and she adopted and Turkey had made a treaty, with which the Congress had nothing to do, which gave to the island of Cyprus. By the treaty of Berlin Russia was deprived of almost all her gains during the war. The Balkan provinces of Bulgaria, Serbia, and Montenegro were made independent. Great Britain, which had not fought for anything, alone gained influence and territory. You will find the treaty in the Annual Cyclopaedia of 1879. Austria, Italy, and Italy, intended to counteract an alliance between Russia and France. It was formed as a dual alliance between Germany and Austria in 1879; Italy joined this in 1882 when it became the present Triple Alliance.

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